

IMPERTINENT IMPRESSIONS---THE HOMECOMING

By Bill



"Oh, George, the condition of this ice box is terrible! I don't believe it was cleaned once while I was away."

"Naw! How do I know where your fall suit is?"

Bringing home the sunburn.

"Why didn't you write and tell me everybody was wearing hats like that?"

SAFE AND SANE DINING AN ART WHICH MAY EVEN MAKE ONE THIN

By JANE DIXON.

NEW YORK has long enjoyed the doubtful distinction of being the "eatricest" city. We admit the charge. New York is just that—the "eatricest." Why dispute an accusation which on its surface bears the stamp of the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth? There is no reason at all for doing so.

Let us take the first meal of the day, breakfast, for purposes of illustration. The standard breakfast of at least eight New York persons out of ten is eggs—in some style or other—three soft boiled two minutes and a half, poached on toast, plain omelet or something simple. Never will you find them discussed in sauces and herbs and what not. Such things are for the friendly boob who picks a fancy name he cannot pronounce and

yoke's breakfast. We hear screams about the good old food on the farm, the fresh laid eggs, the golden cream, the home made bread like that which mother used to make. Now to get down to brass tacks. The breakfast of the average farmer is the most unhealthful meal imaginable. Seventy-five per cent. of the dyspeptics in the land are countrymen. At the crack of dawn, after the farmer has finished his chores and splashed his face in the basin out by the pump, he sits him down to his meagre breakfast of fried pork, fried potatoes, flapjacks, cookies, three or four kinds of jam, preserves and pickles, several cups of bad coffee, liberal helpings of maple syrup and then, if he is not particularly hungry, he calls it a meal.

At about the same hour his brother in the city is toying with a portion of scrambled eggs and Irish bacon preparatory to going home and snoring a few hours sleep. The city chap has covered nine out of ten miles during the night in the intricate mazes of the fox trot, and by all the laws of nature should have the appetite of a harvest hand. Yet if you want to see murder committed offer him a plate of fried pork.

And, by the way, what has become of the old fashioned folks who used to eat huckleberry pie for breakfast? The girl who draws says they still exist, because she spent the summer studying art in Provincetown, Mass., and was confronted one morning by a brand new chocolate cake, that being the New England idea of a breakfast piece in resistance.

Another favorite morning fruit was doughnuts. These have long been the salvation of the small time theatrical fraternity, who refer to them fittingly as sinkers. Many a time on the coal oil circuit have the friendly sinkers, augmented by a kettle of far-from-coffee, stood between Violet Vere de Vere and complete ruin.

The girl who draws admits that these pastry breakfasts have a weird effect upon the eager students of art who go forth and paint purple ladies and red oceans and orange ships immediately after sitting in at the table.

With many New Yorkers the continental breakfast, consisting of a roll and a cup of coffee, is considered quite the thing. While Susan, out on the farm, is packing away sausage cakes and corn pone, Susannah, up in the city, is leaning back against the pillows enjoying her toast Melba and mocha.

There is a well established and palpably well founded report current to the effect that luncheon as a meal is rapidly becoming extinct so far as New York proper is concerned.

As affairs go today, luncheon is a trying time, a business proposition or a skipover. "Will you lunch with me to-morrow?" urges the man, detaining her hand. "We'll go to some nice, quiet spot where we can talk and—and everything."

"I'd love to! Thank you so much," she responds, not putting forth any violent struggle to regain possession of the hand. They meet—in the nice, quiet little spot, or in a far corner of a spot not so quiet. They order, because the waiter seems to expect it of them. Ten minutes after they leave the place neither of them will be able to tell you whether they ate corned beef and cabbage or chocolate soufflé.

About 3 o'clock he wakes up to the fact that he is two hours past due at the office. He would have sworn it was not a minute later than 1. Or worse luck, some one from the suburban town where he lives happens in, gives him the knowing nod and takes a seat facing his table.

From then on he is miserable, wondering whether his discoverer is a good fellow, or whether the beans will be spilled over all the back fences in his neighborhood. No use talking.

luncheon is a boon to those whom circumstances or cruel fate prevent from dining together. But, oh, that getting down to the grindstone afterward!

"We'll have lunch together and talk it over," suggests the business man who is trying to put over the big deal. "All right," agrees the fleshy lamb. They lunch. Also they imbibe various and sundry strange cocktails recommended by the business man, not to mention other beverages notable for head action. The business man pays the check—with some of the lamb's fleece.

Many men who find themselves down to the last hole in their leather belts have the skipover system. They forget about luncheon entirely. They have found it just as profitable and a heap more thrilling to work during the lunch hour and quit an hour earlier in the evening.

This system is a trifle rough on the

stenographers who depend upon the boss to buy them their one square meal a day, but it is great for the preservation of the waist line and family ties. Anyhow, the majority of typists are sane enough to take their job seriously, not the boss.

Reducing is no longer a habit. It is an epidemic. Every other person you meet is either taking something or doing something to reduce. The man or woman who discovers a sure-fire way to reduce without exercising or dieting will have John D. R. standing on a street corner with a tin cup in his hand.

"Eat and grow thin," is the battle cry of Broadway, and of the avenues, too, for the matter of that. It is as much as a waiter's life is worth to suggest a baked potato filled with butter and paprika. Every corn on the cob has fallen off. Bread is entirely out.

In the smart hotels the chefs are

preparing special menus for the rotund. You pay a stipulated sum, and you are served with nothing but non-fattening foods. Those who have tried it out after the service comes high, but is cheap at half the price.

Personally I am trying out the buttermilk diet. A well wisher swore to me by the beards of her ancestors that by concentrating on buttermilk or its ramifications to the exclusion

complete without bread piping hot from the oven. You can see more complexions answering to the description of peaches and cream on the streets of Baltimore than in any other city of its size in the country.

At the Ward-Helm School, Nashville, Tenn., which happens to be my alma mater, we had "light bread" once a week, for Sunday dinner. Light bread means our common or garden variety of wheat bread. The



The out of town spender.

Very well then. We enter a plea of guilty. But before sentence is pronounced allow us to say a few words in extenuation of our appetites.

First and foremost, while we are willing to admit that New York is by way of being a bit of a gourmand, New Yorkers are nothing of the sort. The native son and daughter do not contribute to this reputation for cumulative consumption. They are by the middle of the pass and the mamma of the hinter layouts. Seiden, indeed, will you find them progressing straight through from soup to nuts. They know better than to try to keep up an eating acquaintance with all the different brands of chefs who flourish in the town. One cannot do that and maintain one's youthful figure.

Observe the native, or the person who has become acclimated to the impenetrable food forests, how he orders. He is confronted by a bill of fare on which are listed all the good things to eat in the world, or so it seems. There are steaks from Canada, caviar from Russia, trout from mountain brooks, ducklings from Long Island, alligator from the Far South, delicacies from every country and clime.

Does the experienced eater run wild and order all over the place? He does not. He selects two or three items from the classified list and lets it go at that. Usually these are a soup and a meat, or perhaps an entree and a salad.

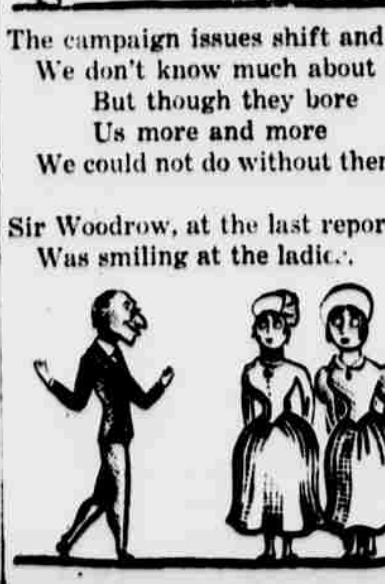
The visiting diner from Bucyrus, Ohio, accustomed as he is to the one meat stand hotel where they place the dinner plate in the midst of a wilderness of boat shaped side dishes piled with everything from buttered toast to bread pudding, probably figures that the one order man is doing in the bank roll. He starts in at the top and he stops at every crossing on the way to the bottom.

gets himself corrected by a disdainful waiter. By the time he has removed the debris from the poor little hard working egg, squashed as it is beneath a pile of trifles, mushrooms, asparagus tips and cheese, who can tell whether it was a young egg or one left over from last season? Which is one of the reasons why the canny native takes his plain.

On the other hand consider the

The campaign issues shift and change—We don't know much about them, But though they bore Us more and more We could not do without them.

Sir Woodrow, at the last report, Was smiling at the ladies.



The weather man afforded us A passing touch of Hades. A ten cent loaf will be a boon To all deserving bakers, The Orient Is now for rent— With scarcely any takers.

A Countess wed her serving man To cut the cost of living. 'Tis said that Turkey will be cooked Along about Thanksgiving.

The ancient dinosaur, it seems, Was very tender hearted, The baseball war Is pearly o'er, And Congress has departed.

Sir Hughes attacked the labor bill, Whose fangs do not affright him.

His boldness is proverbial— We trust it does not bite him.

We'd gladly give the details, but It's such painful reading! The British blacklist, savants say, Will cause a solemn stricture. The Colonel's smile Took half a mile Of some one's moving picture.

Society will wear its hair Quite blond, and somewhat curly. The Panama Canal has done Its Christmas sliding early.

'Tis said that we have lost the art Of penning an epistle, The things we write Are all so trite— And—there's the postman's whistle!

The Guard is coming home again, And that without a murmur, The wooden shoe Is sad but true— And Russian stocks are firmer.

The Conference with Mexico Is peacefully proceeding—

The pay and grow thin method

of all other liquids or solids except water I would fall away at the rate of ten pounds a week.

A vision of myself floating sylph-like down the street inspired me to give the buttermilk cure a try-out. Oh, to wear one of those slinky chiffon evening gowns in the style made popular by Clara Tiedt!

That was five weeks ago. Up to now, by dint of heroic effort, soul-racking self-denial and thumb-screws on the palate, I have managed to eliminate five whole pounds. It is not easy to sit at a dinner table laden with chicken à la Maryland and sip buttermilk. But when I think of those five minus pounds I chuckle with glee. The pudding is well worth the price.

Bring on your buttermilk. What care I for chocolate eclairs when there is work to be done!

We have been warned in the beauty books that hot bread is death to the complexion. In Maryland no meal is



The modern breakfast and the old fashioned one.



The pay and grow thin method

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK IN RHYME—By Dana Burnet

NEW YORK incurred another strike Which had a somewhat meek end; The Teuton diplomats in Greece— Enjoyed a pleasant week end.

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rest of the time the school staff of life consisted of hot or beaten biscuits, corn bread or ash cakes. The average complexion of the girls, mostly Southern, was easily 98 per cent. perfect. Proving that you never can tell from the label what the effect is liable to be.

Let us return to New York, which is our objective point, and the business of supper. A lot is printed about the wicked wine and lobster suppers of the big city.

True, a few of the regular New Yorkers make a practice of buying wine, but they are so few that we all know their names. The remainder of the wine hosts crashed into the life from afar. Their native birth is some small town or one horse city where wine was considered the name of opulence and devil-may-caredom.

Just because a few male peacocks give supper the crowning glory of which is a formal and stately ray-shining girl blackbirds back into the life, stirring forth to revel with the guests, or because they serve pearl necklaces with the soup, or stage a fountain where the diners may wade in wine, this does not mean New York is midnight mad. The usual supper of the normal native consists of one simple dish and as often as not a pitcher of the beverage that put Milwaukee on the map. When there is wine in it, bought it is with the dinner where it belongs. Native New York does not fall for the splurge stuff.

Last week I was one of a party who, having motored in from Long Island, not disposed to sup. The convenient stopping place was a jolly celebrated calcium cafe. Having long ago sidetracked the lobster à la Newburg and other sleep destroyers the party settled on egg sandwiches garnished with chopped onion and a tall portion of German wine.

When the bad news came it was discovered that egg sandwiches were fifty cents apiece—not a dozen, mind you, but for one egg. The host studied the item for a few minutes, then paid the check. The waiter returned with a bill and a tray full of change.

"Take that out and give it to the boy that told those eggs," said the host, motioning away the tray. "She must be some hen!"

Of course that cafe is off the list of every one in the party. New York does not enjoy being "choked." It is old and some food and drink it demands and gets. Let the visiting stranger and the beautiful boob go in for the wild stuff.

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